

## The Critic

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### A Thought on Shakspeare.

THE most distinctive poems—the most permanently rooted and with heartiest reason for being—the copious cycle of Arthurian legends, or the almost equally copious Charlemagne cycle, or the poems of the Cid, or Scandinavian Eddas, or Niebelungen, or Chaucer, or Spenser, or Ossian, or Inferno—probably had their rise in great historic perturbations, which they came in to sum up and confirm, indirectly embodying results to date. However precious to 'culture,' the grandest of those poems, it may be said, preserve and typify results offensive to the modern spirit, and long past away. To state it briefly, and taking the strongest examples, in Homer lives the ruthless military prowess of Greece, and of its special god-descended dynastic houses;—in Shakspeare, the 'dragon-rancors and stormy feudal splendor of mediæval caste.

Poetry, largely considered, is an evolution, sending out improved and ever-expanded types—in one sense, the past, even the best of it, necessarily giving place, and dying out. For our existing world, the bases on which all the grand old poems were built have become vacuums—and even those of many comparatively modern ones are broken and half-gone. For us to-day, not their own intrinsic value, vast as that is, backs and maintains those poems,—but a mountain-high growth of associations, the layers of successive ages. Everywhere—their own lands included—(is there not something terrible in the tenacity with which the one book out of millions holds its grip?)—the Homeric and Virgilian works, the interminable ballad-romances of the middle ages, the utterances of Dante, Spenser, and others, are upheld by their cumulus-entrenchment in scholarship, and as precious, always welcome, unspeakably valuable reminiscences.

Even the one who at present reigns unquestioned—of Shakspeare—for all he stands for so much in modern literature, he stands entirely for the mighty æsthetic sceptres of the past, not for the spiritual and democratic, the sceptres of the future. The inward and outward characteristics of Shakspeare are his vast and rich variety of persons and themes, with his wondrous delineation of each and all—not only limitless funds of verbal and pictorial resource, but great excess, superfætation—mannerism, like a fine, aristocratic perfume, holding a touch of musk (Euphues, his mark)—with boundless sumptuousness and adornment, real velvet and gems, not shoddy nor paste—but a good deal of bombast and fustian—(certainly some terrific mouthing in Shakspeare!)

Superb and inimitable as all is, it is mostly an objective and physiological kind of power and beauty the soul finds in Shakspeare—a style supremely grand of the sort, but in my opinion stopping short of the grandest sort, at any rate for fulfilling and satisfying modern and scientific and democratic American purposes. Think, not of growths as forests primeval, or Yosemite geysers, or Colorado ravines, but of costly marble palaces, and palace rooms, and the noblest fixings and furniture, and noble owners and occupants to

correspond—think of carefully built gardens from the beautiful but sophisticated gardening art at its best, with walks and bowers and artificial lakes, and appropriate statue-groups and the finest roses and lilies and japonicas in plenty—and you have the tally of Shakspeare. The low characters, mechanics, even the loyal henchmen—all in themselves nothing—serve us capital foils to the aristocracy. The comedies (exquisite as they certainly are) bringing in admirably portrayed common characters, have the unmistakable hue of plays, portraits, made for the divertisement only of the élite of the castle, and from its point of view. The comedies are altogether non-acceptable to America and Democracy.

But to the deepest soul, it seems a shame to pick and choose from the riches Shakspeare has left us—to criticise his infinitely royal, multiform quality—to guage, with optic glasses, the dazzle of his sun-like beams.

The best poetic utterance, after all, can merely hint, or remind, often very indirectly, or at distant removes. Aught of real perfection, or the solution of any deep problem, or any completed statement of the moral, the true, the beautiful, eludes the greatest, deftest poet—flies away like an always uncaught bird.

WALT WHITMAN.

### English as She is Wrote in Switzerland.

WHILE in Switzerland in the summer of '85 I picked up a little 'Guide of Basle and Environs,' edited by the Hotel-keepers' Union of that city, which contains some rich specimens of foreign English. I am moved to send a few of them for the amusement of *Critic*-al readers:—

'By virtue of its fortunate position, appointed to be a commercial town, Basle in fact, has distinguished itself in all ages, by its commercial activity and by its speculative agility and its present commercial traffic in goods, in banking business and such like, its industry and industrial activity, advanced by productive water-powers in its surroundings, by enterprising spirit, energy, diligence and intelligence, are to be named with respect.'

'The town itself possesses its advantages by the attractive situation of its environs, which, pursuant to its bright, healthy and gay nature, its alternate variety and loveliness offer lasting charms. . . . Likewise singular, manifold alternately appear a line of distant and round sights, namely with the most wonderful view of the Alps, which give to the wanderer a high enjoyment. . . . The wide extended, agreeably lively horizon, which reigns over Basle, does not show any majestic mountain forms, but the upper lines of the *Black-Forest*, of the *Jura* and of the *Vogues* have a strong, sometimes bold swing and its flanks are here and there set up frank and free, so that the eye can look about with satisfaction. . . .

'In this framing flows the *Rhinestream* with the flowing affluxes and bestows upon changing landscape a lively animation and cheerful delights. Therefore the environs of Basle are exceedingly rich in landscape pictures, different always of attractive character, therefore a longer stay in Basle will be for this reason so instructive and rewarding, as the knowledge of the nature of the *Black-Forest*, of the *Jura*, even of the *Vogues*, with the changing view of the whole chain of the *high swiss alps*, can be joined with the life, offered in a larger town, in regard to intellectual advantages and other comforts of life, lying in the middle of a fertile, mild and richly inhabited country. . . . Basle is not only with regard to economy the richest Swiss town, in which however a considerable number of Millionaries exist and also a flourishing and blessed middle class; but it had also in all other Dominions of art, state and popular life, in knowledge and science an extraordinary rich enumeration of renowned men, who may be counted for the most part to the first of their profession. . . . Honorably known and we can say freely, that Basle is great on account of its charity, in which sphere it can exhibit against other communities unreachd accomplishments.'

The Cathedral is thus described:

'A Gothic arched pillar-Basilika with romane constructure building-parts and with double steeples. . . On the front of the northern crossnaue (from the old romane constructure, the XI and XII century originating from) particularly distinguished

appears the so called *St. Gallenporch* by the richness of its ornamentalness, from thence the conjecture, this having been the chiefportal of the old Dome. . . In the crossnaue exquisitely carved Choirstools of the 15th century with all kinds of sarcastic allusions of the indiscipline of the at that time living clergy.\*

The church of St. Elizabeth, a '3 nave Longhouse, without crossbuilding, possesses a rich, but not overladen facade. Tower with the chiefportal of the church, 70.5 m high, pinnacles in light pierced, fine sculpted stone pyramid, the ascending of the latter, on account of its magnificent Roundview, is to be recommended. The inside gives a powerful worthy impression.' The Spalenthor is 'the architectural most remarkable of the 3 still standing gates (once 7) of Basle, probably from the XIV or XV century originating Chief-Building, with round bow-girth decorated tower, flanked by 2 round side-steeple, on the outside a Madonna picture with 2 prophets, a high pointed roof of varietal glazed tiles crowns the whole.'

In the Observatory, as we are told, there is an 'amphitheatrical lecture for 500 auditors, where gratis lecture are read in the winter time, twice a week, from all spheres of knowledge.' Among the excursions in the vicinity is that to the 'Fish-breeding establishment Hünigen,' which 'occupies a considerable areal.' The following is a part of the description of the place:

'Interesting arrangement for artificial brooding of the fisheggs of all kinds of choice fish. . . Most instructive visiting of the numerous covered and uncovered reservoirs and ponds with the crawling fish-world from the first beginning up to the full grown market-fish of this institution by Napoleon III; now German Empire-institution.'

One should also visit the St. Chrischona-kirche not far away. This is a church

'with Pilgrim-scholasting establishment of the Missionary-society in Basle, magnificently situated upon the vertical height of the mountain, formerly much frequented pilgrim place (probably very ancient heathenish worship-place) upon the terrace, surrounded with a wall, table marking the east incomparable Panorama, ending in the southeast and south with the majestic view of the alps up to the Junfrau.'

The origin of this church is thus related:

'After the Legend got once ashore 3 of the 11,000 Virgins, who went with St. Ursula to Rome at Wihlen: St. Crichona, St. Otilia and St. Margaretha, separated and made a vow, each of them, to have erected a temple on the neighboring heights, whence they could salute one another by fire-parks. Crichona mounted to the Dinkelberg, Otilia to Tillingen and Margaretha went to Basle, where even to day their little churches wink from the heights.'

I had marked several other passages for quotation, but the above will serve to give an idea of this choice specimen of 'English abroad.' I must add, while on the subject, part of a letter recently sent to the editor of 'The Satchel Guide' by an Italian hotel-keeper:

'Will you excuse me if I take the liberty to write you a few lines but having seen in your honorable A Satchel Guides she is not put my Hôtel (Grand Hôtel) I beg you to put it; My house is the first in — for position full south and for his appartments large and comfortable.'

The personal pronouns are evidently the chief stumbling-block to mine host, as to many another of these exotic experimenters in English.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

W. J. ROLFE.

## Reviews

### "The Kembles and their Contemporaries."\*

THE Kemble group of biographies in Vol. II. of 'Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States' has been allotted to Brander Matthews, and well has he fulfilled his task. Perhaps there is no more remarkable instance of hereditary or gregarious genius on record than that furnished by the illustrious family of Kembles,—an instance emphatic enough to delight even the ingenious Galton. Six

generations of this *gens histrionica* were distinguished on the stage: a fact almost paralleled in generations, though not in genius, by the five generations of Jeffersons, by the Keans (Edmund and Charles), by the Mathewses (Charles and Charles James), by the Booths, and by the Devrients of Germany. Old Mr. Kemble was a reputable actor; the three *lucida sidera* his children—Mrs. Siddons, John Philip Kemble and Charles Kemble—became celebrated; Mrs. Siddons's son Henry was an actor, and Fanny Kemble has charmed *foyer* and fireside by her histrionic genius and her autobiographic asides.

Around this wonderful family Messrs. Matthews and Hutton group the second collection of their interesting lives of the famous actors and actresses who delighted our grandmothers. A vast number of separate biographies have been read and digested for the clear portraits with which this *volumetto* abounds, and the same novel and suggestive method of painting the portrait in few words and then following it up by a rich *queue* of anecdote and contemporary judgment has been followed in this as in the first volume. The book opens with a sketch of John Kemble's great tragic rival, George Frederick Cooke, who died in this country and is buried in a New York churchyard. The charming faces of Dora Jordan (the favorite as well as the morganatic wife of William IV.), Eliza O'Neill and Elizabeth Farren peep from between the pages of their biographies—bright and lovely flowers on the slopes of this histrionic Parnassus. The extraordinary comic powers of Liston are here contrasted with the equally extraordinary tragic powers of Mrs. Siddons. Charles Mathews, Munden, Elliston, Cooper, Young and Betty show the marvellous wealth of the period in acting talent and genius of all sorts—from Betty, the most wonderful Infant Phenomenon of his time, to that finished artist whose death momentarily 'eclipsed the gayety of nations.' These pages prick and sparkle with it, and are hung with as many striking faces as look down from the ceiling of the Doge's Palace. It is delightful to listen to the stut of Charles Lamb and the lisp of Leigh Hunt as they deliver their opinions of these gifted folk in long passages from Elia's Essays or 'The Town'; and the darkened purlieu of Drury Lane and Covent Garden glow again with phosphoric brilliance under the warming touch of Messrs. Matthews and Hutton, as they draw forth figure after figure of a forgotten world, and breathe into them the breath of life. Messrs. Lowe, Archer, Paine, Ireland and Henderson are the other contributors to this histrionic resurrection.

### Henry Stevens and the Lenox Library.\*

WHAT should we do if the *pax augusta*—the 'peace of the emperors'—were proclaimed over the publication of books, and there should be a cessation of those delightful hostilities in which purchaser and publisher, book-lover and book-collector, are perpetually engaged? How should we, for instance, know of Henry Stevens and the essential part he played in the formation of our Lenox Library? or of the charming volume, in which he, prince of bibliographers, and his patron, most literary of millionaires, figure in piquant juxtaposition? We are safe in saying that the loss to the world would be simply infinite; for in this volume particularly, which is a sort of uncorked autobiography with a sparkle like champagne, we have revealed two eccentric personalities whose chief eccentricity was to enrich the opportunities of all lovers of books, and thereby put them and the world under infinite obligations. The exquisite form in which these 'Recollections' are printed and published renders the book a true literary *chef d'œuvre*, while the 'Recollections' themselves abound in thrilling episodes by field and flood, in which are recounted Mr. Stevens's adventures in securing 'nuggets' for Mr. Lenox. Incidentally, the contrasting individuality of the two comes out in bold relief:

\* The Kembles and their Contemporaries. Vol. II. of Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

\* Recollections of Mr. James Lenox of New York and the Formation of his Library. By Henry Stevens of Vermont. London: Henry Stevens & Son.



Mr. Lenox, cautious, reserved, silent, immersed in plans, uncommunicative, storing up his enormous wealth in volumes, maps, globes, and pictures of priceless value—with a Scotch streak of thrift meandering through his bibliographical spendthriftiness; Mr. Stevens aggressive, adventurous, communicative, lynx-eyed for 'finds,' full of humor, with an instinct almost infallible for rarities and a pen inexhaustible in communicating with Mr. Lenox about them. And so the two eyed each other across the Atlantic for thirty-three years, the one putting his unrivalled knowledge of books at the service of the bank-account of the other; and that other, with rare intelligence and devotion to literature, availing himself of the knowledge in every possible form. And so the Lenox collection grew—a coral islet of books,—until in 1880 the death of its founder startled the world with another magnificent library gathered almost in the dark (and still, unfortunately, kept almost in the dark), rich in Bibles, rich in Americana, rich in Shakespeare quartos—a true monument of erudition and enlightened investment. Of this Henry Stevens tells the sprightly tale in this book, an autumnal leaf of autobiography richly colored with his peculiar humor.

"As Common Mortals."\*

THE appearance of as noteworthy a novel as the one entitled 'As Common Mortals' is an unusual event in midsummer days. The story is interesting and unhackneyed, but it holds the interest chiefly by the grace and power of its style. The touch is that of simplicity itself, but it is strong and firm, and the reader will not skip a single paragraph. One sees distinctly, as if looking through a moral microscope, that vaguest and finest of things, the growth of character. Though the novel ends with a wedding, one does not feel, as in most similar instances, that the case is closed, the curtain rung down—that what the novelist wrote for is all accomplished, and that of course the hero and heroine, having attained the object of existence—to exist together,—are to live happily ever after. One is conscious that the true drama has just begun, and that the reader has simply been permitted to read the preface, to watch the processes and the influence of temperament, heredity, environment, circumstance, fate and free-will, in preparing two strong souls for the conflict of life. Without analysis or moralizing, the impression very deeply given is that the end of living is the formation of character. Hero and heroine come together in marriage at last, not perfect, not triumphant over every accident of fate or temperament, a little bruised in the struggle of life, a little fettered by things they could not control, and yet after all *strong*. The book is in its way a striking epitome of life. The author apparently has no theories to illustrate, as to what the human soul is capable of accomplishing or conquering; but gives by turns examples of the inexorable power of circumstance, the sarcasm of fate, and the power (and the powerlessness) of the human will; while through all the style is calm and impressive. We are made to feel keenly the sharp satire that Shakespeare worded long ago:

To some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies.  
Your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

This, by the way, would have been a better motto for the book than the one chosen from Mrs. Browning. The generous impulse of one young girl to make a child happy, results in ruin worse than death to her best-beloved, by one of the accidents so trivial in cause, so momentous in consequences, that make up life. The highest aspirations of another young girl result in the deadliest possible blow to her happiness as a woman; yet even here we are made to feel environment as keenly as satirical fate, and to see that if she had been differently circumstanced, her aspirations would have sought wiser issues. Perhaps the moral to be

educated from it all, is that free-will can triumph over fate, but not without bruises and imperfect victory. Every factor in life is recognized by the author, who obtrudes no personal theory as to what dominates, or can dominate, and the book therefore seems just, while singularly strong. We have said that its motive is the development of character: the character that gradually deteriorates, till the man dowered with all which the world calls success is felt to be the villain and the man to be pitied; and the character that, like Milly's, struggles, develops, grows, hampered as much by its aspirations as its temptations, affected certainly for the worse by environment, yet not conquered by it wholly. The reader is charmed not so much by the sweetness and the strength of the fine woman that Milly becomes, as by the insight of the author into the processes by which her sweetness is brought out and her strength not left her enemy. It remains to give a lighter touch of praise to our criticism, and to assure the reader that the story is not by any means didactic, but, for all its suggestiveness and strength, as entertaining a story as he could demand for the midsummer piazza.

Mr. Winter and Miss Anderson.\*

THE reader of the volume in which William Winter rehearses 'The Stage-Life of Mary Anderson' will rise from a perusal of that beautifully printed monograph with a very vivid conviction that Miss Anderson is—a beautiful woman. He will have learned something of her birth, her childhood, her youth and her young womanhood; he will have followed her in her baby-clothes from Sacramento, Cal., to Louisville, Ky.—from Louisville to New York—from New York to London—and from England back to America; and he will have ascertained when and where she first essayed the  *rôles*  in which she has made her greatest 'hits.' He will also have had the pleasure of hearing a well-known dramatic critic discourse upon certain of Shakespeare's female characters. And the outcome of all this experience will be an abiding impression that 'the most celebrated and important woman upon the stage of her country' (it is Mr. Watterson, not Mr. Winter, who is speaking) is possessed of a very handsome face and a notably fine figure; that she is one of those 'human beings, fortunate and rare,' who 'take a place of gentle sovereignty, not by virtue of their deeds, but by virtue of their existence'—who 'help the human race' by 'filling its senses and suffusing its heart with beauty;' and that this fact, to Mr. Winter's thinking, 'is more important to the profession which she has adopted, and to her own future in that profession, than the question whether she now acts a given part well or ill.'

Unfortunately this conception of the function of the dramatic artist is too widespread already, and has led ere now to the popular success of actors and actresses whose chief power lay in their ability to 'fill the senses and suffuse the heart with beauty.' It is the prevalence of this idea—we say it with all courtesy to Miss Anderson, whose seriousness of aim we do not question—that has contributed so largely to the popularity of the spectacular drama and the Lydia-Thompson-blond style of entertainment. The sooner the public can be taught that the question whether an actor or an actress 'acts a given part well or ill' is the *only* question of importance to the dramatic profession and to his or her future in that profession, the better it will be for that particular actor or actress, for the dramatic profession as a whole, and for each and every playgoer in America. It is the function of the dramatic critic to point out artistic merits and defects; not to say that an actress is 'so beautiful' in a certain part 'that she defeats judgment'—that 'it is impossible, in looking upon that sweet young face, to think clearly of the defects of her acting.' The public may find it hard to pass instant judgment on the performance of a beautiful woman on the stage, but that very

\* As Common Mortals: A Novel. \$1.25. New York: Cassell & Co.

\* The Stage Life of Mary Anderson. By William Winter. Parchment paper, \$1.25. New York: George J. Coombes.

fact is one of the *raisons d'être* of the critic. It is his duty to think as well as feel. Much of the criticism that appears in this volume is reprinted from the *Tribune*. It would have borne considerable revision before its re-appearance.

#### A Lady Whose Life is Worth Reading.\*

IN this memoir we have a graceful and unpretentious sketch of a lady of some note in social and political circles during the first half of the century. She was of French descent, and born in 1782, upon the island of St. Domingo, where her father possessed a vast estate. Her home was furnished with every comfort that taste could suggest and an unlimited fortune procure. It was a marble mansion, built upon the highest of a succession of terraces, from one to another of which marble steps led down to the water's edge. Through its commodious apartments the cool sea-breezes swept. Here grew up the lovely and precocious maiden, learning to read, no one knew how; ranging at will through her father's extensive library; delighting in the classics, and, with her brother, improvising scenes from Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Racine. After an all too brief childhood, she was married at thirteen to a French officer, Mons. Moreau de Lassy, and went with him to his estates in Jamaica. Three years later, having buried her husband and three children, she returned to her old home. Then came the dreadful scenes of the negro insurrection, in which two of her brothers were massacred, and from whose terrors she and a few of her relatives barely escaped under cover of night, and, after manifold peril by land and sea, reached New Orleans. Here the sale of their jewelry enabled them to subsist for two years; but after that they were obliged to support themselves by sewing and other work. New Orleans in those days was a town of some fourteen thousand inhabitants. Social meetings were held weekly for dancing and other amusements. At these parties orange-flower syrup and *eau sucrée* were the only refreshments. There were no carriages; ladies walked to balls in their satin slippers, preceded by slaves carrying lanterns. If the weather was bad, the ball was postponed till the next fair evening, a crier, with a drum, making the announcement through the streets. It was at one of these entertainments that Madame Moreau met Mr. Edward Livingston, a Northern lawyer who had come to try his fortunes in the rising city, and who, by his ability and shrewdness, had already laid the foundations of future distinction and wealth. The mutual attraction culminated in a marriage, which was solemnized at midnight in June in the chapel of the old Ursuline Convent—the tall lighted candles shining from the high altar, the rich perfume of summer flowers coming in at the wide-opened casements, and the sweet chants of the unseen nuns sweeping ever and anon through the grating.

Though there was a difference of twenty years in the ages of the pair, their married life, prolonged through nearly a third of a century, was exceptionally happy. Mr. Livingston rendered important services in the defence of New Orleans against the British. He was afterwards Gen. Jackson's *aide-de-camp*, military secretary and confidential adviser, and was the first to nominate the old hero for President. Later, he was Representative and then Senator from Louisiana. He succeeded Van Buren in 1831 as Secretary of State, and for two years—1833-35—was Minister to France. In all these prominent and responsible positions, his gifted wife proved an invaluable helpmate, adviser and friend. Her quick wit, excellent judgment, and ready appreciation of emergencies, eminently fitted her for the companionship of such a man. Their home, whether at New Orleans or Washington, in the French capital or the American metropolis, or at their delightful suburban retreat on the Hudson, was ever a centre of hospitality and refined social intercourse, a resort for the most distinguished of all

professions. In this very pleasing memoir we have many curious glimpses of the manners and customs prevalent in the early years of the century. There are also several very sprightly letters. Mrs. Livingston's only daughter, Cora, became the wife of Thomas P. Barton, who was the son of Dr. Benjamin F. Barton, author of the first work on American botany, and who, though not without distinction during his day, will probably be best known to posterity by the collection of books which bears his name, and which is now one of the treasures of the Boston Public Library.

#### Vernon Lee's "Baldwin."\*

WE NOW have from Vernon Lee a series of six conversations, on the responsibilities and consolations of belief, vivisection in relation to personal honor, novels, the value of an ideal, and pessimism. These are introduced by an account of a person by the name of Baldwin, who is the leader in all the conversations, and who represents the views of the author. The conversations are well managed; the book contains some good writing; not a little brightness adorns its pages. To the present writer, however, it is an exceedingly disagreeable and unsatisfactory book, not because of its positivism, but because its tone is presumptive and egotistical. The author is a dilettant of the newest school, and with all the narrowness and self-importance of a half-culture that assumes to set aside everything but its own conclusions. For genuine science we have the utmost reverence; but for the literary dangles who ape its methods and fasten upon its negations we have none at all. All vigorous and earnest thinking should command our attention and respect; but the thinking that prides itself merely on its audacity is of little value. We often agree most heartily with the conclusions of Vernon Lee, as in what she says about vivisection and about novels; but the method of dealing with them results from a shallow mixture of science and aesthetics, held together by a thin solution of *dilettante* culture. The intellectual worth of Vernon Lee is almost precisely that of Mr. W. H. Mallock; and they are only fit to be made antagonists to each other. All that is worst in modern culture—its audacity, its shallowness, its intellectual and spiritual incapacity—are represented in full measure in such writers as these. Now, we thoroughly believe in modern culture and all that is great which it is every day achieving; but we do not believe in its audacity, its shallowness and its incapacity. That is to say, when culture allies itself with the *dilettante* spirit, and when it assumes that aestheticism is the highest end of human existence, we think it is shallow, audacious and incapable. Its intellectual and spiritual power has then departed out of it. Whether it is an aestheticism of the Church or an aestheticism of positivism, it is equally shallow and worthless. There is much that is good in Mr. Mallock and there is much that is good in Vernon Lee; but, on the whole, both are misleading and vicious both in their conclusions and the spirit of their work.

#### "Joseph, the Prime Minister."†

'JOSEPH, the Prime Minister,' is the seventh in the series of excellent monographs on Bible characters with which the Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is enriching the religious literature of the day. The Scripture narrative contains nothing more thoroughly fascinating than the story of this remarkable man. It has a charm for young and old. Its lessons are many, and easily read. Joseph's filial devotion, his self-respect, his purity, his integrity, his piety, his patience, his wisdom—all the noble qualities which contributed to his mental and moral and physical make-up, and insured his success in life, not only win the reader's admiration, but incite him to emulate an example so striking.

\* Baldwin: Being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations. By Vernon Lee. \$2. Boston: Roberts Brothers.  
† Joseph, the Prime Minister. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

\* A Memoir of Mrs. Edward Livingston. By Louise Livingston Hunt. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers.



Dr. Taylor at the outset expresses his fear lest in touching this favorite story he should mar its beauty rather than add to its impressiveness. But under his admirable treatment nothing of the original charm is lost, while many features are brought out more vividly. The results of modern scholarship and research are utilized in throwing light upon many incidents connected with Egyptian history and customs not heretofore so well understood. The deceit practised by Joseph in his interviews with his brothers—almost the only approach to a fault recorded of this model man—while not approved, is regarded as venial, under the circumstances. And indeed it appears but trifling and innocent—the ‘white lie’ of Mrs. Opie’s category—compared with the point-blank falsehoods which so many of the Old Testament heroes made no scruple about uttering. Not the least valuable portions of this entertaining volume are the practical inferences and applications drawn from every stage of Joseph’s changeful life, and enforced with eloquent earnestness.

#### Minor Notices.

WE DO NOT imply any disrespect to the literary character of Mr. Andrew Lang’s ‘English Worthies’ series (Appleton), when we say that it seems like an ‘annex’ to Mr. John Morley’s well-known English Men-of-Letters. Its subjects, partly literary and partly political, military, or scientific, are men not represented in Mr. Morley’s library; the list of writers is to a certain extent the same; and the length and size of volumes are identical. ‘Shaftesbury,’ the third volume, is by Mr. H. D. Traill, who wrote the Sterne and Coleridge biographies for Mr. Morley. The Shaftesbury of this book is of course the first earl, and not the third or the seventh, almost equally well-known. Mr. Traill has clearly and impartially set forth the career and the good and the bad qualities of his subject, who, like almost all the leading politicians of his excited times, included in his own life no small share of contemporary history of the sensational order. Intrigue and place-hunting are evils to-day, but they were tenfold more disgraceful two hundred years ago—this, at least, is the impression left upon the reader’s mind by Mr. Traill’s book.

IT WOULD probably be fair to say that the strictly literary reputation of Webster was never higher than to-day. Personal and political adulation and disparagement have yielded to such calm, middle-ground opinions as those of Mr. Lodge in his Life of Webster; and even the ‘Ichabod’ Seventh of March speech is half forgotten in the memory of Webster’s services to the Union idea. Webster’s speeches would sound old-fashioned beside Reed’s or Randall’s, or even Edmunds’s or Sherman’s; but on the whole the American literature of oratory has nothing better or more enduring to show. They are sampled—together with many letters, State Papers, and miscellaneous dicta—in Miss Callie L. Bonney’s ‘Wisdom and Eloquence of Daniel Webster’ (John B. Alden), which is inclusive, well-arranged and indexed, and likely to be of service in popular libraries and in schools. Its chief faults—an occasional scrappiness, and infelicitous sub-titles here and there—could hardly have been avoided in a small volume having the plan of this compilation.

LAURENCE GOMME begins a new section of his condensed *Gentleman’s Magazine* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by collecting and binding in one volume all the scattered but valuable papers on prehistoric and early historic archæology contained in the many volumes of the original periodical. This last volume abounds in interesting articles on fossil antiquities, submarine forests, ancient timber foundations, the naval power of the ancient Britons, stone and flint implements, sepulchral remains, and encampments and earthworks of archæological value. Much of the information here presented is of course antiquated, unscientific and unprecise; but it is worthy of classification, collection and

systematic study. Part II. of the same volume will deal with stone circles, miscellaneous objects of British antiquity and Anglo-Saxon antiquities.—WHAT ‘the oldest school in America’ is may be learned from Phillips Brooks’s oration on the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Boston Latin School, April 23, 1885. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This very interesting oration is explanatory as well as commemorative, and the reader is treated to a graphic repicturing of the ancient worthies connected with the school. Robert Grant read a poem on the same occasion, and Dr. E. E. Hale called the meeting to order. There are not many things in this country 250 years old; hence the memorial of this venerable school will attract deserved attention apart from the admirable form in which it is presented.

THE ‘OLDEN TIME SERIES’ (Ticknor & Co.) has reached Vol. III. of its issue, and treats of ‘New England Sunday.’ The book would be diverting if it were not so tragical. Connecticut Blue Laws, slips from old Salem and Boston papers, odds and ends gathered from the procedure of the ancient tithing-men, make up this curious compilation of miscellaneous misery, all resolved and enacted ‘in the name of the Lord.’ Shakspeare entitles his ‘Merchant of Venice’ ‘a comical History,’ and so it is from a certain point of view. ‘New England Sunday’ when read of as a bit of past history is ‘comical,’ too; but Heaven deliver us from a repetition of the ‘comicality.’ Then as now the heathen raged, and the Sunday mail roused the indignation of the righteous. George Washington even was stopped by a tithing-man for riding on Sunday, and was permitted to go on only after a long catechism. Mr. Brooks has earned the thanks of one generation at least for showing up the follies and idolatries of another.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN, in ‘Romano More; or, ye Old Pilgrims to ye New on Forefathers’ Day’ (New York: J. B. Alden), ‘gets off’ a quaint bit of verse, rough and jagged in some places as Plymouth Rock itself—witness the concluding rhyme: ‘picking with chicken!’ In this sort of thing ‘muffins’ rhymes with ‘stuffings.’—In ‘The Poet as a Craftsman,’ by Wm. Sloane Kennedy, we have a pamphlet calling for wider liberties and a longer leash for the poet of the future. This ebullient creature, it seems, is to be too full of new wine for the old bottles: he will not contain himself within rhymes and metres, but is destined to rush out into rhythmic prose and Whitmanesque extravagance. In plainer terms, Mr. Kennedy thinks that rhyme and metre as auxiliaries to true poetry are doomed, that they will pass away, and that the experiment of Whitman will succeed, as the experiment of Victor Hugo succeeded in filling French verse from the shackles of classicism and the *obligato* Alexandrine. His discussion is interesting but not convincing. What was enough for Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakspeare, Milton, Tennyson, Goethe and Hugo will probably suffice for any ‘poet of the future’ whatsoever.

#### London Letter.

A CAPITAL sign of the times is the sudden and unexpected accession to popularity of Mr. George Meredith. Ten years ago he was known but to the small and select circle who took in *The Fortnightly Review*, and to a circle still smaller and (it may be) still more select, whose members were lucky enough to have discovered him for themselves—to have read ‘Richard Feverel’ in the original edition and ‘Evan Harrington’ in the dead and long-forgotten *Once a Week*. There seemed to be a fate against him. His novels were all out of print in three volumes, and had none of them found their way to the bookstalls; and while the multitude was steeping itself as one man in the

solemn dullness of 'Deronda,' and buying Mr. Black's Scotch cockneyisms by the cartload, such masterwork as 'Rhoda Fleming' and 'Richard Feverel' and 'Emilia in England' was given over to the buttermilk, and seemed to have passed out of existence. Then, under circumstances the most preposterous and unfortunate, came 'The Egoist.' Mr. Meredith, as by this time everybody knows, is one who writes, not for the crowd, not even for his friends, but for himself alone. His intellectual egoism is something monumental; he has the pride of Lucifer; there is no law for him but his own will, and his will is, or seems to be, to say nothing as any one else would say it, and do nothing as any one else would do it, but in thought and action alike be personal to the point of eccentricity. Of all his books 'The Egoist' is the most original and individual. It is, as he has called it, 'A Comedy in Chapters,' and a comedy, moreover, in the sense that 'Tartuffe' and 'L'École des Femmes' are comedies: 'a game,' that is to say, 'played to throw reflections upon social life,' dealing with 'human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women,' and made under the government of 'the comic spirit' which (it is well known) 'conceives a definite situation for a number of characters, and rejects all accessories in the exclusive pursuit of them and their speech.' For comedy of this sort the British public has never professed esteem; and it might have been expected that, determined to found a new art, Mr. Meredith would have done his utmost to make his position intelligible and his aims apparent. Perhaps he did; but if he did he failed, for of all his books 'The Egoist' is the most abnormally, the most preposterously, the most diabolically clever, and of all his books it is—in manner and matter, in sense and style, in aim and effect—the one least likely to appeal with success to a popular audience. It is hardly necessary to add that it was the one selected to introduce its author to the general mind, and that it made its appearance, not in three volumes, not even in the recondite and untravelled pages of *The Fortnightly*, but in a local penny weekly—*The Glasgow Herald*, to wit! What the readers of that hapless print thought of the new novelist is not known; but there is an impression that they found him dull, and that a local romancer had to be called in to sustain the circulation. In three volumes 'The Egoist' did its work effectually enough; it was taken up by *The Athenæum*, and thereafter by the booksellers and reviewers. But it was too novel in design, too rich in matter, too bewildering in style to be read with ease or comfort; and in due course it disappeared. A cheap edition of the poet's works stopped short with the first volume; his next novel, 'The Tragic Comedians,' being even more peculiar and more wilfully personal than 'The Egoist,' had the ill-luck to get into yellow covers; and while the cheap Tractarian romance of 'John Inglesant' was conquering the world, the achievement of George Meredith seemed receding deeper and farther into obscurity with every year. The spell of ill-fortune was only broken by the publication, not so very long ago, of 'Diana of the Crossways.' For that delightful book the author's old enemy, *The Athenæum*, went in gallant style; his brother irresponsibles replied in chorus; it ran into a second edition in three volumes, into a third in one, which one was announced as the initial of a complete reissue of its author's works. That reissue, of which a Boston house—the Messrs. Roberts Brothers—have taken an edition for America, is almost at an end. With only 'Beauchamp's Career' and 'The Egoist' to be produced, it is practically complete, indeed; so that it may be spoken of already in the past tense—as something that has been, as one of the titles to honor of the season that is dead and gone. The great thing to note about it is, that it has been popular: that George Meredith who, but a few years back, was known only to the few, is now known to the many, and, living, has taken his place among the Immortals. It was a hard fight; and perhaps he deserved to lose it. As-

surely, also, he deserved to win it; and that he has won is a joy to all true lovers of literature.

A Celt himself, and immensely proud of it—as he is of the undoubted Celtishness of Shakespeare—he has the Celtic virtue, or vice, of style. It matters nothing to him that he is obscure by sheer effect of brilliance, that he is tediously amusing, that he is illustrative to the point of bewilderment, and helpful to the extent of being a nuisance. The thing is that he is himself, and like no other man; and while that is so he is content. He is, in fact, an inventor in style (as Shakespeare was), with an unconquerable regard (as Shakespeare had) for his own inventions. He can never have enough of them. The pride, as of Lucifer, Star of the Morning—a dandified and conceited Lucifer, *bien entendu!*—which he has in them is such as nothing can satiate. He is understood to care little or nothing for 'Rhoda Fleming,' which contains his best and strongest work, because, forsooth, he hadn't time to rewrite it, and it remains, in consequence, not specially hard to read and understand. But the imaginative employment of material is not so common in modern literature that we need despise it when we meet it; and right or wrong, successful or the reverse, George Meredith's novels are so many living examples of its interest. Mr. Stevenson has the better taste, and the more artistic, the less Celtic, mind; but Mr. Stevenson at his best is not comparable with George Meredith when George Meredith is at his highest and finest. And if this be true—as I believe it is—of his manner of presentation, what shall not be said of the matter he has it in him to present? In what novelist of this, or indeed of any, age shall we find such treasure of wit, and character, and passion, and experience of life? There is something cosmic, something Shakspearian, in the man's capacity of sympathizing with and understanding the nature with which he is environed. He delights in the elementary forces, the primitive deposits of humanity; he is an adept in those emotions which only stronger souls can feel, in those passions which are the making or the breaking of life. They say that he draws his men and women from the men and women he knows; that Sir Austin Feverel (for instance) is himself; that the Redworth of 'Diana of the Crossways' is his idea (it certainly is not mine) of Frederick Greenwood, the founder of *The Pall Mall Gazette* and present editor of *The St. James's*; that the hero of 'Beauchamp's Career' is a compound of Admiral Maxie and Auberon Herbert; the Vernon Whitford of 'The Egoist' is a portrait of Leslie Stephen, the Diana and the Dacier of his last book the Mrs. Norton and the Sidney Herbert of the real life of forty or fifty years ago; the Countess Saldanha of 'Evan Harrington'—! *Que sais-je?* The list might be indefinitely extended. The thing to note is that, portraits or not, all these and their fellows are creations, charged with their author's personality and living by virtue of the intense inspiration which he is able to breathe into them. They are a sort of people it does one good to know. None of them is afraid to live; none but is capable of heroism of some sort—of devotion, or self-sacrifice, or the last, intolerable development—the downright brutalities—of egotism. Mr. Meredith, indeed, is the novelist, not of society, not of sentiment, not of manners, not of the philosophic mind, but of the passionate human heart. His men and women live and love, and fear nothing while they may do so. It is a good thing that at last they have imposed themselves upon the world; for they were made for themselves and the tragedy, or the romance, which is their fate, and not with an eye to the requirements of the boarding-school, the idiotic exigencies of the circulating library.

There is so little news that I shall not apologize for this long descent on an interest that is years old already. Mr. Hannay's little book on Robert Blake is, I am glad to say, a thorough piece of work; being characterized by breadth and independence of view, by excellence of material, and by a complete understanding of his subject—and withal as



complete a presentation—as, in the absence of documents, is possible. Mr. Gosse's 'Raleigh' is more literary and—perhaps—less candid and less useful; but it is delightful reading. The only new play is 'The Jilt,' which I believe you know, and which is but moderately successful. As for pictures, there is nothing new to be told of them. The illustrated Royal Academy Catalogue—official, long-expected, ardently desired—is a complete failure; while the principal fault about the Marlborough Sale is that none of the Rubenses was bought for the National Gallery, which is not rich in Rubens, but where Rubens (as in the world without) is less in favor than the common 'cockeyed Primitive,' and that the gem of the collection, the master's 'Venus and Adonis,' was bought in for 7500*l*. Sentiment, not art, is what impresses the English mind, now as always; and the 'Venus and Adonis' will probably find a home in France, which has so far learned its lesson that it has begun to value art a great deal more than sentiment.

LONDON, July 31st, 1886.

H. B.

### The Gift of the West.

OUT of the East the golden daylight springs,  
Up from the South the robin comes and sings,  
The treasures of the snow the Northwind brings,—  
But what sweet gift awaits us from the West?

Ask the soft clouds that silently enfold  
The dead day there in the great calm they hold;  
Thine too it may be, after all is cold,—  
The peace of God and everlasting rest.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

### The Lounger

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. W. E. Henley, who has been the editor of *The Magazine of Art* for some time past, has sent in his resignation to take effect with the October number. Mr. Henley is a capital editor, but writing is his forte. He wields a vigorous pen, and his art criticisms have been among the most notable papers in the *Magazine*. He took with him, as collaborators, a corps of brilliant writers, including R. L. Stevenson, Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse. Mr. Henley is a man of the new generation. He delights in 'discovering' authors and painters, and he seems to have a very keen scent for good ones. He was one of the first to appreciate the genius of Stevenson, whom he has known for many years. They were lads together in Scotland, and their friendship has remained unbroken. Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson have written a play together, which will very likely be brought out in London this fall by Mr. Henley's brother, an accomplished actor. I need hardly say that a play written by these two gentlemen will not follow in the beaten track. They are nothing if not original, and I predict that their play will at least make a sensation.

MR. SIDNEY GALPIN, son of Thomas D. Galpin of the firm of Cassell & Co., will succeed Mr. Henley as editor of *The Magazine of Art*. Young Mr. Galpin is said to have a bent for pictorial art, and the art magazine has been his particular pet among the many publications of the firm. He has now a chance to prove that his art inclinations are not merely those of the amateur.

I SHOULDN'T be surprised if we were at last to have a free library worthy of the name, and from a most unexpected source. By the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, which has just been made public, nearly, if not quite, \$5,000,000 is set apart for public benefactions. Mr. Tilden's executors are John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith, and they are given almost unlimited power in the choice of an object, or objects, upon which to bestow this princely gift. The only obligations imposed upon them are the founding of libraries at New Lebanon, the millionaire's native place, and at Yonkers, where he made his home in later years. His choice of libraries as his benefactions to these two towns indicates that he had a leaning toward that manner of disposing of his wealth; and the fact that one of the executors of his will is a man-of-letters is likewise a favorable omen. No gift to this city could be of more prac-

tical good, and I sincerely hope the Tilden Public Library will soon be an accomplished fact.

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry have arrived in New York, and Mr. Irving entertained such of his friends as were to be found in town at this time of year at dinner at Delmonico's last Wednesday evening. He has come over for a much-needed rest, and will spend most of his time on Col. Bucke's yacht. The production of 'Faust' at the Lyceum was one of the most arduous of his theatrical undertakings, as he left no stone unturned in his efforts to ensure historical and topographical accuracy and pictorial effect. If he should produce the play in New York as he gave it in London, he could keep it on the stage successfully during an entire season.

MR. HENRY BLACKWELL, Secretary of the Eisteddfod of this city, sends me the following:—'There is in Carnarvonshire, Wales, a little quaint old-fashioned hotel called the Pen-y-Gwryd. Standing at the foot of Snowdon and at the top of the Pass of Llanberris, it commands the grandest scenery in North Wales. The nearest house is a mile away, and the nearest church four miles; a walk of six miles takes you to the nearest railway and telegraph station, but to reach a town you have to ride or walk eleven. Charles Kingsley, in "Two Years Ago" (Eversley Edition, Vol. II., p. 228), gives a good account of this famous hostelry. Like other hotels, the Pen-y-Gwryd has a visitors' book, and it contains the names of many Englishmen of note.

'SOME twenty-five years ago, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes and 'Tom' Taylor, the dramatist, afterwards editor of *Punch*, visited this hotel, and getting possession of the visitors' book, each in turn scribbled four-line verses in it, on such themes as the hotel, the weather, the tap, the scenery, the table and the host and hostess. They wound up their poetic work with a stanza in Latin. A tourist visiting the hotel in 1864 was struck with the idea that some of the poetry written in the book would not look badly in print; so he copied what he thought was the best, and issued it, *privately*, in a pamphlet. I have a copy of this little volume containing the verses of Kingsley, Hughes and Taylor. It is the only one I have seen in an experience of seven years as a collector of books in the English language relating to Wales and the Welsh.'

THE pamphlet that accompanies Mr. Blackwell's letter is a diminutive volume, bound in blue paper, and bearing the title 'Offerings at the Foot of Snowdon, or Breathings of Indolence at Pen-y-Gwryd.' It was printed at Woburn, 'by J. Sergeant,' in 1864. The verses of the Canon, the Queen's Counsel and the playwright hold the place of honor in its pages. The authorship of each stanza is shown by the initials printed above it. The first three run thus:

T. T.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd with colours armed and pencils,  
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;  
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,  
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks!

C. K.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd in frantic hopes of slaying  
Grilse, Salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed Trout, and what else there's no saying;  
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'easterly skies, sir,  
Drove me to fish and botany, a sadder man and wiser.

T. H.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd a-larking with my betters,  
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;  
Which two ungrateful parties, after all the care I've took  
Of them, make me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

I HAVE copied out three others of the English stanzas, irrespective of their position in this string of doggerel, and will conclude with the Latin lines which were the result of the trio's united efforts:

C. K.

And I too have another debt to pay another way  
For kindness shown by these good souls to one who's far away,  
Even to this old colly dog who tracked the mountains o'er  
For one who seeks strange birds and flowers on far Australia's shore.

T. H.

Oh my dear namesake's breeches, you never see the like,  
He bust them all so shameful a-crossing of a dyke;

But Mrs. Owen patch'd them, as careful as a mother,  
With flannel of three colours—she hadn't got no other.

T. T.

Pen-y-gwryd, when wet and worn, has kept a warm fireside for us ;  
Socks, boots and never-mention-ems Mrs. Owen still has dried for us ;  
With host and hostess, fare and bill, so pleased we are that, going,  
We feel for all their kindness 'tis we, not they, are Owen !

T. H.

T. T.

C. K.

Nos tres in uno juncti hos fecimus versiculos ;  
Tomas piscator pisces qui non cepi sed pisciculos,  
Tomas sciagraphus, sketches qui non feci nisi ridiculos,  
Herbarius Carolus montes qui lustravi perpendicularos.

### Edmund Burke.\*

[Augustine Birrell, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

BUT fortunately for us, Burke was not content with private adoration, or even public speech. His literary instincts, his dominating desire to persuade everybody that he, Edmund Burke, was absolutely in the right, and every one of his opponents hopelessly wrong, made him turn to the pamphlet as a propaganda, and in his hands

The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains.

So accustomed are we to regard Burke's pamphlets as specimens of our noblest literature, and to see them printed in comfortable volumes, that we are apt to forget that in their origin they were but the children of the pavement, the publications of the hour. If, however, you ever visit any old public library, and grope about long enough, you are likely enough to find a shelf holding some twenty-five or thirty musty, ugly little books, usually lettered 'Burke,' and on opening any of them you will come across one of Burke's pamphlets as originally issued, bound up with the replies and counter-pamphlets it occasioned. I have frequently tried, but always in vain, to read these replies, which are pretentious enough—usually the works of deans, members of Parliament, and other dignitaries of the class Carlyle used compendiously to describe as 'shovel-hatted'—and each of whom was as much entitled to publish pamphlets as Burke himself. There are some things it is very easy to do, and to write a pamphlet is one of them ; but to write such a pamphlet as future generations will read with delight, is perhaps the most difficult feat in literature. Milton, Swift, Burke, and Sydney Smith are, I think, our only great pamphleteers.

I have now rather more than kept my word so far as Burke's preparliamentary life is concerned, and will proceed to mention some of the circumstances that may serve to account for the fact, that when the Rockingham party came into power for the second time in 1782, Burke, who was their life and soul, was only rewarded with a minor office. First, then, it must be recorded sorrowfully of Burke that he was always desperately in debt, and in this country no politician under the rank of a baronet can ever safely be in debt. Burke's finances are, and always have been, marvels and mysteries ; but one thing must be said of them—that the malignity of his enemies, both Tory enemies and Radical enemies, has never succeeded in formulating any charge of dishonesty against him that has not been at once completely pulverized, and shown on the facts to be impossible. Burke's purchase of the estate at Beaconsfield in 1768, only two years after he entered Parliament, consisting as it did of a good house and 1600 acres of land, has puzzled a great many good men—much more than it ever did Edmund Burke. But how did he get the money ? After an Irish fashion—by not getting it at all. Two-thirds of the purchase-money remained outstanding on mortgage, and the balance he borrowed ; or, as he puts it, 'With all I could collect of my own, and by the aid of my friends, I have established a root in the country.' That is how Burke bought Beaconsfield, where he lived till his end came ; whither he always hastened when his sensitive mind was tortured by the thought of how badly men governed the world ; where he entertained all sorts and conditions of men—Quakers, Brahmins (for whose ancient rites he provided suitable accommodation in a greenhouse), nobles and abbés flying from revolutionary France, poets, painters, and peers ; no one of whom ever long remained a stranger to his charm. Burke flung himself into farming with all the enthusiasm of his nature. His letters to Arthur Young on the subject of carrots still tremble with emotion. You all know Burke's 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents.' You remember—it is hard to forget—his speech on

\* Continued from August 7, and concluded.

Conciliation with America, particularly the magnificent passage beginning, 'Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together.' You have echoed back the words in which, in his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the hateful American War, he protests that it was not instantly he could be brought to rejoice when he heard of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those whose names had been familiar in his ears from his infancy, and you would all join with me in subscribing to a fund which should have for its object the printing and hanging up over every editor's desk in town and country a subsequent passage from the same letter :

A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which in the depths of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, and contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise. . . .

If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct at least is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in a well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security ; and perhaps in recommending to others something of the same diffidence, we should show ourselves more charitable to their welfare than injurious to their abilities.

You have laughed over Burke's account of how all Lord Talbot's schemes for the reform of the king's household were dashed to pieces because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a Member of Parliament. You have often pondered over that miraculous passage in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts describing the devastation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali—a passage which Mr. John Morley says fills the young orator with the same emotions of enthusiasm, emulation, and despair that (according to the same authority) invariably torment the artist who first gazes on 'The Madonna' at Dresden, or the figures of 'Night' and 'Dawn' at Florence. All these things you know, else are you mighty self-denying of your pleasures. But it is just possible you may have forgotten the following extract from one of Burke's farming letters to Arthur Young :—

One of the grand points in controversy (a controversy indeed chiefly carried on between practice and speculation) is that of *deep ploughing*. In your last volume you seem on the whole rather against that practice, and have given several reasons for your judgment which deserve to be very well considered. In order to know how we ought to plough, we ought to know what end it is we propose to ourselves in that operation. The first and instrumental end is to divide the soil ; the last and ultimate end, so far as regards the plants, is to facilitate the pushing of the blade upwards, and the shooting of the roots in all the inferior directions. There is further proposed a more ready admission of external influences—the rain, the sun, the air, charged with all those heterogeneous contents, some, possibly all, of which are necessary for the nourishment of the plants. By ploughing deep you answer these ends in a greater mass of the soil. This would seem in favor of deep ploughing as nothing else than accomplishing, in a more perfect manner, those very ends for which you are induced to plough at all. But doubts here arise, only to be solved by experiment. First, is it quite certain that it is good for the ear and grain of farinaceous plants that their roots should spread and descend into the ground to the greatest possible distances and depths ? Is there not some limit in this ? We know that in timber, what makes one part flourish does not equally conduce to the benefit of all ; and that which may be beneficial to the wood, does not equally contribute to the quantity and goodness of the fruit, and, *vice versa*, that what increases the fruit largely is often far from serviceable to the tree. Second'y, is that looseness to great depths, supposing it useful to one of the species of plants, equally useful to all ? Thirdly, though the external influences—the rain, the sun, the air—act undoubtedly a part, and a large part, in vegetation, does it follow that they are equally salutary in any quantities, at any depths ? Or that, though it may be useful to diffuse one of these agents as extensively as may be in the earth, that therefore it will be equally useful to render the earth in the same degree pervious to all ? It is a dangerous way of reasoning in physics, as well as morals, to conclude, because a given proportion of anything is advantageous, that the double will be quite as good, or that it will be good at all. Neither in the one nor the other is it always true that two and two make four.

This is magnificent, but it is not farming, and you will easily believe that Burke's attempts to till the soil were more costly than productive. Farming, if it is to pay, is a pursuit of small



economies, and Burke was far too Asiatic, tropical, and splendid to have anything to do with small economies. His expenditure, like his rhetoric, was in the 'grand style.' He belongs to Charles Lamb's great race, 'the men who borrow.' But indeed it wasn't so much that Burke borrowed as that men lent. Right-feeling men did not wait to be asked. Dr. Brocklesby, that good physician, whose name breathes like a benediction through the pages of the biographies of the best men of his time, who soothed Dr. Johnson's last melancholy hours, and for whose supposed heterodoxy the dying man displayed so tender a solicitude, wrote to Burke, in the strain of a timid suitor proposing for the hand of a proud heiress, to know whether Burke would be so good as to accept £1,000 at once, instead of waiting for the writer's death. Burke felt no hesitation in obliging so old a friend. Garrick, who, though fond of money, was as generous hearted a fellow as ever brought down a house, lent Burke £1,000. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has been reckoned stingy, by his will left Burke £2,000, and forgave him another £2,000 which he had lent him. The Marquis of Rockingham by his will directed all Burke's bonds held by him to be cancelled. They amounted to £30,000. Burke's patrimonial estate was sold by him for £4,000; and I have seen it stated that he had received altogether from family sources as much as £20,000. And yet he was always poor, and was glad at the last to accept pensions from the Crown in order that he might not leave his wife a beggar. This good lady survived her illustrious husband twelve years, and seemed then for the first time to have some success in paying his bills, for at her death all remaining demands were found to be discharged. For receiving this pension Burke was assailed by the Duke of Bedford, a most pleasing act of ducal fatuity, since it enabled the pensioner, not bankrupt of his wit, to write a pamphlet, now of course a cherished classic, and introduce into it a few paragraphs about the House of Russell and the cognate subject of grants from the Crown. But enough of Burke's debts and difficulties, which I only mention because all through his life they were cast up against him. Had Burke been a moralist of the calibre of Charles James Fox, he might have amassed a fortune large enough to keep up half a dozen Beaconsfields by simply doing what all his predecessors in the office he held, including Fox's own father, the truly infamous first Lord Holland, had done—namely, by retaining for his own use the interest on all balances of the public money from time to time in his hands as Paymaster of the Forces. But Burke carried his passion for good government into actual practice, and cutting down the emoluments of his office to a salary (a high one, no doubt), effected a saving to the country of some £25,000 a year, every farthing of which might have gone without remark into his own pocket.

Burke had no vices, save of style and temper; nor was any of his expenditure a profligate squandering of money. It all went in giving employment or disseminating kindness. He sent the painter Barry to study art in Italy. He saved the poet Crabbe from starvation and despair, and thus secured to the country one who owns the unrivalled distinction of having been the favorite poet of the three greatest intellectual factors of the age (scientific men excepted), Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Cardinal Newman. Yet so distorted are men's views that the odious and anti-social excesses of Fox at the gambling-table are visited with a blame usually wreathed in smiles, whilst the financial irregularities of a noble and pure-minded man are thought fit matter for the fiercest censure or the most lordly contempt.

Next to Burke's debts, some of his companions and intimates did him harm and injured his consequence. His brother Richard, whose brogue we are given to understand was simply appalling, was a good-for-nothing, with a dilapidated reputation. Then there was another Mr. Burke, who was no relation, but none the less was always about, and to whom it was not safe to lend money. Burke's son, too, whose death he mourned so pathetically, seems to have been a failure, and is described by a candid friend as a nauseating person. To have a decent following is important in politics.

A third reason must be given: Burke's judgment of men and things was often both wrong and violent. The story of Powell and Bembridge, two knaves in Burke's own office, whose cause he espoused, and whom he insisted on reinstating in the public service after they had been dismissed, and maintaining them there, in spite of all protests, till the one had the grace to cut his throat and the other was sentenced by the Queen's Bench to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine, is too long to be told, though it makes interesting reading in the 22nd volume of Howell's State Trials, where at the end of the report is to be found the following note:—

The proceedings against Messrs. Powell and Bembridge occasioned much animated discussion in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Burke warmly supported the accused. The compassion which on these and all other occasions was manifested by Mr. Burke for the sufferings of those public delinquents, the zeal with which he advocated their cause, and the eagerness with which he endeavored to extenuate their criminality, have received severe reprehension, and in particular when contrasted with his subsequent conduct in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings.

The real reason for Burke's belief in Bembridge is, I think, to be found in the evidence Burke gave on his behalf at the trial before Lord Mansfield. Bembridge had rendered Burke invaluable assistance in carrying out his reforms at the Paymaster's Office, and Burke was constitutionally unable to believe that a rogue could be on his side; but indeed Burke was too apt to defend bad causes with a scream of passion, and a politician who screams is never likely to occupy a commanding place in the House of Commons. A last reason for Burke's exclusion from high office is to be found in his aversion to any measure of Parliamentary Reform. An ardent reformer like the Duke of Richmond—the then Duke of Richmond—who was in favor of annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and payment of members, was not likely to wish to associate himself too closely with a politician who wept with emotion at the bare thought of depriving Old Sarum of parliamentary representation.

These reasons account for Burke's exclusion, and jealous as we naturally and properly are of genius being snubbed by mediocrity, my reading at all events does not justify me in blaming any one but the Fates for the circumstance that Burke was never a Secretary of State. And after all, does it matter much what he was? Burke no doubt occasionally felt his exclusion a little hard; but he is the victor who remains in possession of the field; and Burke is now, for us and for all coming after us, in such possession.

It now only remains for me, drawing upon my stock of assurance, to essay the analysis of the essential elements of Burke's mental character, and I therefore at once proceed to say that it was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life. Arnold says of Sophocles—

He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

Substitute for the word 'life' the words 'organized society,' and you get a peep into Burke's mind. There was a catholicity about his gaze. He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this: his vast desultory reading; his education, neither wholly academical nor entirely professional; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge; his wanderings up and down the country; his vast conversational powers; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people; his unfailing interest in all pursuits, trades, manufactures;—all helped to keep before him, like motes dancing in a sunbeam, the huge organism of modern society, which requires for its existence and for its development the maintenance of credit and of order. Burke's imagination led him to look out over the whole land: the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant despatching his goods and extending his credit, the banker advancing the money of his customers upon the credit of the merchant, the frugal man slowly accumulating the store which is to support him in old age, the ancient institutions of Church and University with their seemingly provisions for sound learning and true religion, the parson in his pulpit, the poet pondering his rhymes, the farmer eyeing his crops, the painter covering his canvases, the player educating the feelings. Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet, and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover. But love is the parent of fear, and none knew better than Burke how thin is the lava layer between the costly fabric of society and the volcanic heats and destroying flames of anarchy. He trembled for the fair frame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions, and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society, and why one man should be born rich and another poor. Burke was no prating optimist: it was his very knowledge how much could be said against society that quickened his fears for it. There is no shallower criticism than that which accuses Burke in his later years of apostasy from so-called Liberal opinions. Burke was, all his life through, a passionate maintainer of the established order of things, and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. The same ideas that explode like bombs through his diatribes against the French Revolution, are to be found shining with a mild effulgence in the comparative calm of his earlier writings. I have often been

struck with a resemblance, which I hope is not wholly fanciful, between the attitude of Burke's mind towards government and that of Cardinal Newman's towards religion. Both these great men belong, by virtue of their imaginations, to the poetic order, and they both are to be found dwelling with amazing eloquence, detail, and wealth of illustration on the varied elements of society. Both seem as they write to have one hand on the pulse of the world, and to be forever alive to the throb of its action; and Burke, as he regarded humanity swarming like bees out and in of their hives of industry, is ever asking himself, How are these men to be saved from anarchy? whilst Newman puts to himself the question, How are these men to be saved from atheism? Both saw the perils of free inquiry divorced from practical affairs.

Civil freedom (says Burke) is not, as many have endeavored to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it.

Tell men (says Cardinal Newman) to gain notions of a Creator from His works, and if they were to set about it (which nobody does), they would be jaded and wearied by the labyrinth they were tracing; their minds would be gorged and surfeited by the logical operation. To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasoning animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal.

Burke is fond of telling us that he is no lawyer, no antiquarian, but a plain, practical man; and the Cardinal, in like manner, is ever insisting that he is no theologian—he leaves everything of that sort to the Schools, whatever they may be, and simply deals with religion on its practical side as a benefit to mankind.

If either of these great men have been guilty of intellectual excesses, those of Burke may be attributed to his dread of Anarchy, those of Newman to his dread of Atheism. Neither of them was prepared to rest content with a scientific frontier, an imaginary line. So much did they dread their enemy, so alive were they to the terrible strength of some of his positions, that they could not agree to dispense with the protection afforded by the huge mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom. The sincerity of either man can only be doubted by the bigot and the fool.

But Burke, apart from his fears, had a constitutional love for old things, simply because they were old. Anything mankind had ever worshipped, or venerated, or obeyed, was dear to him. I have already referred to his providing his Brahmins with a greenhouse for the purpose of their rites, which he watched from outside with great interest. One cannot fancy Cardinal Newman peeping through a window to see men worshipping false though ancient gods. Warren Hastings' high-handed dealings with the temples and time-honored if scandalous customs of the Hindoos filled Burke with horror. So, too, he respected Quakers, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and all those whom he called Constitutional Dissenters. He has a fine passage somewhere about Rust, for with all his passion for good government he dearly loved a little rust. In this phase of character he reminds one not a little of another great writer—whose death literature has still reason to deplore—George Eliot; who, in her love for old hedge-rows and crumbling moss-grown walls, was a writer after Burke's own heart, whose novels he would have sat up all night to devour; for did he not deny with warmth Gibbon's statement that he had read all five volumes of 'Evelina' in a day? 'The thing is impossible,' cried Burke; 'they took me three days doing nothing else.' Now 'Evelina' is a good novel, but 'The Mill on the Floss' is a better.

Wordsworth has been called the High Priest of Nature. Burke may be called the High Priest of Order—a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world, but the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain. Nobody is fit to govern this country who has not drunk deep at the springs of Burke. 'Have you read your Burke?' is at least as sensible a question to put to a Parliamentary candidate, as to ask him whether he is a total abstainer or a desperate drunkard. Something there may be about Burke to regret, and more to dispute; but that he loved justice and hated iniquity is certain, as also it is that for the most part he dwelt in the paths of purity, humanity, and good sense. May we be found adhering to them!

COWLEY'S ESSAYS have been added to Cassell's National Library, and 'Sam Lawson's Stories,' by Mrs. Stowe, to the Riverside Paper Series.

## Among the Books.

[The State.]

WHAT task so hard as to arrange  
Our volumes in their cases,  
So often seems our mind to change,  
And give them better places!

Let Travels take an upper row,  
And Voyages an under:  
But who such difference can show  
That they should be asunder?

It needs a humorist to rend  
The History from the Fiction,  
Yet that they serve each other's end  
Defies all contradiction.

Why from the merry shelf of Wits  
Debar we things Religious?  
The clergy have their laughing fits,  
Their humor is prodigious.

The female writers now excel,  
And this the male ones vexes;  
But, spite of all, none deem it well  
To separate the sexes.

And living poets disagree;  
Each of his fellow wearies:  
Yet range we them in company,  
And form of them a series.

## Current Criticism

GOGOL'S UNLIKENESS TO TOURGUÉNEFF.—Nicolaï Gogol, the author of 'Taras Bulba,' was the predecessor of Tourguéneff, and occupies with the Russians a place somewhat similar to that which Walter Scott holds with the English or Fenimore Cooper with us. His novels are dramatic and vigorous, and he shows a breadth of treatment and a strength of color refreshingly in contrast with the minuteness and complication of much modern work. He is an artist by temperament and by training; and though, like other literary countrymen of his, he inclines to tragedy, his tragedies stimulate rather than depress the reader. One is made to feel that, though the individual perishes, the principle survives and goes on rejoicing; that there is change, but that nothing of vital value is absolutely lost. Unlike Tourguéneff, he has faith in the essential strength and ultimate well-being of Russia; unlike Tolstol and Tchernishevsky, he is concerned with no philosophical speculations regarding the religious and social defects and possible improvement of Russian civilization. But he has deeply conceived and loved the Russian character and genius, and he portrays it with the loving fidelity of an artist and with the apparently unconscious ease of a master.—*Julian Hawthorne, in the World.*

PROF. HARDY'S ONE DEFICIENCY.—He is undoubtedly clever; his pages are full of original reflections and striking metaphors, and not even Mr. Henry James could make conversation mean so much. Mr. James, however, though he has probably seen more of real life than Mr. Hardy, is too worldly for the author of 'The Wind of Destiny.' Fate and not society engages Mr. Hardy's attention, and he is not unlike the minister of whom he speaks, who 'read books more and better than human nature.' There is not one character in his novel that makes a distinct impression. He describes their appearance, their ways, their motives, and their moral development; but he fails in producing an individual. One cannot believe that a writer who has thought so much and whose intellectual powers are so evident should be entirely without the sense of humor; but 'The Wind of Destiny' shows no trace of it. With all its cleverness, and even its brilliancy, that is the most striking characteristic of the book. It may be hoped that riper experience will enable Mr. Hardy to descend to lower ground and breathe more freely. His want of humor betrays a want of sympathy.—*The Athenæum.*

SWINBURNE AS A CRITIC.—Some one is reported to have once asked, without any apparent desire to be paradoxical, How it was that Mr. Swinburne, without the faintest pretensions to be a critic, could sometimes write such excellent criticism? The question is perhaps not very difficult to answer, especially as it is not necessary to quarrel with any of its terms. Certainly, if a critic means a judge, no soul alive has less pretensions to the



title than the author of these 'Miscellanies.' Of the judicial faculty—which is, in other words, the faculty of seeing things as they are, despite any temptations to see them as they are not—Mr. Swinburne has not even a trace. When he describes himself, as he does here, as 'a student of history, unconscious alike of prejudice and of prepossession,' we believe implicitly in the 'unconscious,' inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne has never in his voluminous writings shown any signs of being other than an honorable gentleman. But all the rest of the phrase can only excite a smile. Where any one of certain very well-known and very numerous red rags comes in, Mr. Swinburne can only put his head down and go at it. He is even so much under the possession of 'prejudice and prepossession' that he does what is not recorded of any bull—he deliberately fetches red rags when the subject displays nothing but blue or green or the most inoffensive white, in order to put his head down and go at them. —*The Saturday Review*.

NO PRIZES FOR AMERICAN PENS.—While we are all willing to pour money into the coffers of any foreign celebrity, we leave American literary men out in the cold. Prizes are offered for pictures by American painters; hundreds of thousands of dollars are contributed to the fostering of American opera. But no prize is given to American authors, either by the Government or by private citizens or by corporations. More than that, the American author is forced to face a competition against which the most unskilled day laborer is defended—that is, competition with unpaid labor. The works of foreign authors are not recognized as property here, and the American author must sell his book in the same market with stolen goods. Further still, neither the Federal nor State Governments puts forth the slightest inducement for writers in the way of emolument. Literary men are seldom appointed to office. Pensions are given to thousands and thousands of men who sneezed or caught rheumatism in the Army. But no one ever thinks of giving a pension to a meritorious author. Worst of all, the American author is at a discount in the learned universities, which are supposed to cultivate literature. He cannot even get a professorship or a chair for lecturing, unless he can prove that he is more a pedagogue than an original writer. —*The Star*.

CARLYLE TO COVENTRY PATMORE.—The public of readers, now that everybody has taken to read, and whosoever has twopence in his pocket to pay into a circulating library, whether he have any fraction of wit in his head or not, is a sovereign Rhadamanthus of Books for the time being, has become more astonishing than ever! Probably there never was such a *Plebs* before, entitled to hold up its thumb with *vivat* or *percat* to the poor fencers in the literary ring. The only remedy is, not to mind them; to set one's face against them like a flint; for they cannot kill one, after all, tho' they think they do it; one has to say, 'Dull, impious *canaille*, it was not for you that I wrote; not to please *you* that I was brandishing what weapons the gods gave me!' Patience, too, in this world, is a very necessary element of victory. It is certain, if there is any perennial running Brook, were it the smallest rill coming from the eternal fountains, whole Atlantic Oceans of froth will not be able to cover it up forever; said rill will, one day, be *seen* running under the light of the sun, said froth having altogether vanished, no man knows whither. That is the hand of Nature, in spite of all blusterings of any *Plebs* or Devil, and we must silently trust to that. Unhappily the Reviewer too is generally in the exact ratio of the readers; a dark blockhead with braggartism superadded, being a vocal one withal, and conscious of being *wise*. Him also we must leave to his fate: an inevitable phenomenon ('like people like priest'), yet a transitory one too. —*The Athenaeum*.

AN ENGINE IN HUMAN SHAPE.—The engine in the shape of a human being which fate has sent into the world to attempt the establishment of an Irish Parliament is called Charles Stewart Parnell. All attempts to describe the leader of the Irish party in any other way must be futile as long as no new facts of his inner life are discovered by which the colorless abstract of his being is brought closer to us. His person and his influence are among the most difficult problems of contemporary history. After everything that is known about him has been cast into the psychological melting pot, the result consists in nothing but limitations and negations. Imagination, unwilling to miss the outward attraction in the picture of a mighty man, seeks in vain for traits which would make him familiar and tangible to his fellow-men. Is he physically attractive, of pleasant social manners, or a favorite of women? Has he the gift of quick Irish

wit, or is he a prominent artist or scientist? Nothing of the kind. No drawing-room counts him among its visitors, no woman boasts of his favor, no bon-mot of his is ever repeated. He is only eloquent in so far that he says exactly what he wishes to say; of Irish eloquence, which intoxicates itself by its own flow, and finally squanders its fire in a poetical rocket, not a trace is found in him. By nature he is fitted for anything rather than an Irish leader, and his very appearance reminds one of the hated Anglo-Saxon suppressor. . . . His icy exterior corresponds with his mental life. No mortal has yet been able to say that he is Parnell's intimate friend. —*Kölnische Zeitung*, *vid The Pall Mall Gazette*.

## Notes

MR. GRANT ALLEN, somewhat improved in health, has returned to Kingston, Ont., from his tour to the White Mountains and Boston. He saw few literary men in Boston, as they were out of town for the holidays. He went down to Concord, and dined with Mr. Lothrop, the publisher, who is living in the old Hawthorne house. Mr. Allen will return to England the beginning of September. His home is at Dorking—where the battle was fought! Mr. Allen's 'Charles Darwin'—the first volume of the English Worthies Series—has just been done into French.

—*Literary Life*, the magazine which Miss Cleveland is to edit, has been seized for a debt of \$10,000. There is said to be a prospect of a satisfactory settlement of this claim—a report which we hope is well founded.

—The Philadelphia courts have sustained Mr. John Wanamaker in the suit brought against him by Chas. L. Webster & Co., and for the present at least he may continue to sell Grant's Memoirs unmolested. Mr. Wanamaker makes this decision the text of a column-and-a-half advertisement in the Philadelphia daily papers.

—In connection with the celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Heidelberg University, honorary degrees have been conferred upon Prof. Alexander Graham Bell of Washington, Prof. Edward D. Cope of Philadelphia, Prof. Othniel Charles Marsh of New Haven, Prof. Simon Newcomb, Superintendent of *The Nautical Almanac* at Washington, and Prof. John W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey.

—D. Lothrop & Co. have in press another of Madame Spyri's charming stories—'Uncle Titus,' translated by Lucy Wheelock. 'The Modern Jew: His Present and his Future' is the title of a small volume by Anna L. Dawes, about to be issued by the same firm.

—'A literary curiosity of no little interest,' writes Mr. Smalley to the *Tribune*, 'has come into my hands—nothing less than "Poor Richard's Almanac" in Chinese. What would Franklin have said? The late Mr. W. H. Huntington had a collection of European editions of "Poor Richard" in different languages. I believe there were about thirty in all, and he did not think his collection complete. So long as his health lasted, he never ceased his efforts to enlarge the number. While Mr. John Russell Young was American Minister at Peking, he seized the opportunity of having a translation done into Chinese. It was executed under the care of the President of the Peking College. "The book," writes Mr. Young to Huntington, "will go into circulation as a part of Chinese current literature, and it seemed best to do it therefore in a cheap form." It is a little pamphlet of thirty-three pages in small foolscap 8vo., with a stiff brown paper cover.'

—According to *The Athenaeum*, 'Lord Tennyson is said to have in hand a number of new poems. The most memorable of these is a piece which may be described as a postscript to "Locksley Hall." The hero of the poem reappears as a broken-down man of eighty, whose modified views about life and liberty may be taken to reflect the Laureate's own.' Lord Tennyson was seventy-seven on Friday of last week.

—*The Academy* regrets to hear that Mr. Browning has been obliged to seek the help of the law in order to compel his Austrian vendor to carry out the contract for the sale of his *palazzo* in Venice. The English poet has performed his part, and now proclaims to the Venetian tribunal, in Shakspeare's words:

I stand for judgment. Answer, Shall I have it?

Meantime his son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, is painting a picture for the centre of the principal ceiling, a moment in the fight between the eagle and serpent, high in heaven, which Shelley relates near the beginning of the 'Revolt of Islam.' 'But why,' asks the writer, 'should not the son of a great poetess and poet illustrate the Palazzo Browning from the works of his own parents?'

—Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, in a book called 'Oranges and Alligators; or, Life in South Florida,' relates her experiences in Florida during a recent visit. The book will be published in London by Ward & Downey.

—The first part of the famous library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., has been sold in London. Under Americana there are arranged 263 lots, many of the books being very rare.

—It is reported that a new morning newspaper is to be started in Edinburgh, to advocate the political opinions, and in especial the Irish policy, of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, which at the late election were opposed by *The Scotsman*, the only morning daily in the Scotch capital.

—Maxime Lalanne, one of the most skilful French etchers, is dead at the age of fifty-nine. M. Lalanne was a pupil of M. J. Gigoux.

—Another name has been added to the list of royal authors—that of Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, who appears in the August *Nineteenth Century* with an article entitled 'In an Indian Jungle: a Leaf from my Diary,' being an account of a tiger-hunt in India during the writer's visit to that country a few years ago. The article has been rendered into English by Carl Siewers. It is said that Prince Eugen will shortly follow his brother with an account of a visit to the Druses of Lebanon.

—W. J. Johnston, of the Potter Building in this city, will shortly issue 'The Electric Motor and its Applications,' by T. C. Martin and J. Wetzler.

—About \$40,000 is the amount received from the sale of paintings at the second annual Prize Fund Exhibition at the American Art Galleries.

—A memorial tablet has been placed in Hopkins Hall, Johns Hopkins University, in honor of Charles Durban Morris, formerly a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards Professor of Latin and Greek at Johns Hopkins. It was given by a number of Mr. Morris's pupils, by whom he was greatly beloved. The inscription on the tablet (which was designed and made by Messrs. J. & R. Lamb of this city) is in Latin.

—'Les Frères Colombe,' by Georges de Peyrebrune, forms No. 9 of the Contes Choisis published by Wm. R. Jenkins, of this city.

—Cornell Library begins in its current Bulletin, No. 15, a list of the series of municipal documents of American cities on its shelves. The Library now numbers nearly 62,000 volumes and about 15,000 pamphlets.

—It appears from a notice inserted in the new volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (the 20th) that, according to present arrangements, the work will be completed in four more volumes. Both P and R have been long letters, and S threatens to be equally tedious. It is expected that T and U may be compressed into one volume, while the last volume will embrace V—Z, to be followed by a much-needed general index. It is eleven years since the work began, and we may expect the remaining volumes to spread over two years at least.

—Bret Harte has written a children's Christmas book, 'The Queen of the Pirate Isle,' which will be illustrated with twenty-five drawings by Kate Greenaway, printed in colors in the text. It will be published early in the fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—It is estimated that the total cost of the proposed wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be \$286,839, which is about \$30,000 less than the amount appropriated for its erection.

—William H. Hayne, the poet's son, writes to the *Chicago News*:—"An article in connection with my father's death appeared lately in your paper which was printed over the signature of J. L. Martin. It contains many inaccuracies which demand correction. (1.) My father's eyes were dark brown, and not black. (2.) Our cottage, as originally built, contained six, and not three, rooms. (3.) Mr. Martin states that our house is "situated some two hundred yards from a platform at the railroad track, too insignificant to be christened." The platform referred to was called Forest Station before my father came to Copse Hill, and is situated half a mile from our cottage. (4.) Mr. Martin writes: "Had the poet been compelled to support himself and wife and babies from the fruits of the soil, he would have labored in vain." Now, while it is very true that the soil of Copse Hill is too unproductive to yield support for a family, it is quite untrue such support was needed for babies, in view of the fact that the present writer is the only child of his parents, and was ten years old when they removed to Copse Hill, in 1866. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Martin's tender allusion to "fatherless children," in another portion of his article, is inappropriate. (5.) Mr. Martin writes that my father "was

the most improvident of mortals," and adds: "As illustrative of this improvidence, he would go to Augusta when he hadn't a dollar in the world, except to pay his fare, and order the luxuries of life more lavishly than he did the necessities." As the luxuries here alluded to consisted chiefly of corn bread, bacon, hominy, and hard tack (our leading articles of food during the first years of our residence at Copse Hill), the erroneousness of the foregoing charge will be apparent."

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 1176.**—1. Do many of the novels reprinted in this country in the cheap 'libraries' appear originally as serials in English periodicals?—2. What English periodicals, weekly or monthly, furnish the largest amount of fiction?—3. Is there any English weekly devoted for the most part to the publication of fiction?—4. What prominent American newspapers are members of 'syndicates' for the publication of serials?

STUEBENVILLE, O.

QUERIST.

[1. We believe they do; but in what proportion to the whole number, we cannot say.—2 and 3. The best known English monthlies that publish fiction are *Blackwood's*, *Temple Bv.*, *The Cornhill*, *Belgravia*, *The Argosy*, *All the Year Round*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The English Illustrated*, *Longman's*, *Fraser's*, *Good Words*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, and (if it be still extant) *St. Paul's*. There are no high-class weekly magazines of fiction, though such papers as *The Family Herald* (which has an enormous circulation), *Reynolds's Miscellany* and *The London Journal* abound. Fiction is published, however, in weeklies that are not devoted exclusively, or even mainly, to its publication; such, for instance, as *The Whitehall Review*, *The World*, *The Queen* and *Truth*.—4. Inquire of S. S. McClure, 140 Nassau Street, New York.]

**No. 1177.**—1. In *THE CRITIC* of March 6th, in speaking of Mr. Schuyler's work on 'American Diplomacy,' you say he 'speaks by the card.' Can you inform me how and when this phrase originated?—2. Who wrote: 'There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud?' It occurs in Bishop Doane's edition of Keble's 'Christian Year,' heading a poem by the Rev. Dr. Crosswell.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

F.

### ANSWERS.

**No. 1170.**—2. Scribner & Welford have O'Shea's 'Iron-Bound City,' in two volumes; price, \$8.40.

**No. 1174.**—Mrs. Annie Besant is an Englishwoman, and the author of a number of books and pamphlets on religious (or irreligious) and social subjects. Besides the works exclusively her own, she has written several others in conjunction with the Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, a sometime notorious Member-elect of the House of Commons; and she has translated several scientific works. Some of her writings have been published by the Freethought Publishing Society, of 28 Stonecutter Street, London, E. C., and a few of them by Mr. Asa K. Butts, of 23 Dey Street, New York. Upon addressing these publishers, M. D. L. will doubtless receive further information. I enclose for his benefit a list of thirty-two titles of Mrs. Besant's works, copied from the Catalogue of the British Museum. In addition to the books there named, a volume by her and Mr. Bradlaugh, disposing of the Book of Genesis, was announced in the International Freethought Library, but I can find no record of its publication.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.

C. H. H.

## Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Baxley, Isaac R. <i>The Temple of Alanthur</i> .....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Brown, T. E. <i>Studies in Modern Socialism</i> . \$1.25.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Chicago Business Directory. \$3.....	Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.
Cronkrite, H. M. <i>Reymond. A Drama</i> .....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Dana, W. F. <i>Optimism of R. W. Emerson</i> . 50c.....	Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Fenn, George M. <i>Double Cunning</i> . 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Hale, E. E. and Susan. <i>The Story of Spain</i> . \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hamlin, Myra S. <i>A Politician's Daughter</i> . 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Hood, Thomas. <i>Whims and Oddities</i> . 50c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Keith, Leslie. <i>The Chilcotes; or, Two Widows</i> . 20c.....	Harper & Brothers.
Kohn, L. M. <i>Octavia's Prayer</i> .....	Phila.: L. M. Kohn.
Macquod, T. & K. <i>Pictures and Legends, etc.</i> 50c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Noel, Roden. <i>Essays on Poetry and Poets</i> .....	London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Norris, W. E. <i>My Friend Jim</i> . 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Smart, Hawley. <i>Bad to Beat</i> . 25c.....	Harper & Brothers.
Snowed Up, and Other Stories. 15c.....	Cassell & Co.
Steele and Addison. <i>Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator's Club</i> . 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Valera, Juan. <i>Pepita Ximenez</i> . 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Wharton, Thomas. <i>Hannibal of New York</i> . 50c.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Who Took It? and Other Stories. 15c.....	Cassell & Co.
Wilson, G. H. <i>Musical Year Book</i> . 50c.....	Boston: G. H. Wilson.

Dina's our girl graduates look lovely? Yes, indeed; they all use Pozzon's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.